

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

Vol. XIII.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1884.

No. 4.

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Price for trial sizes, 25 cents.

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table.

Special attention will be given through the

fall and winter season for club and family din-

ners, suppers, etc., at short notice.

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13oct-17

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raising their money at an hour's notice. Can be

used strictly confidential, no publicity attending

any merchandise placed in our storehouses. With

our facilities and long experience in business,

we are happy to say to our friends and others in

need of money, that we do as well by them as

any one in the State. We are centrally located

and have extensive facilities for the collection of

money, 13 School Street, Boston.

OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS

IN ARLINGTON.

—The prospects of an ice crop from

Spy Pond have steadily improved during

the month of January.

—Mr. Ammi Hall left town last Wed-

nesday evening for New York, where he

will take steamer for the Bermudas.

—Mr. R. A. White, of Tufts Divinity

School, will supply the pulpit of the Uni-

versalist church on Sunday.

—The Selectmen have petitioned the

General Court to put a stop to the empty-

ing of sewage into Alewife Brook. The

official notice appears among our special

notices.

—Thursday morning Mr. Geo. Clark's

horse gave his owner a circus in the yard

adjoining Masonic Hall, demolishing

dash-board and making things lively for

a few minutes.

—The new officers of Arlington Lodge,

Knights of Honor, will be installed next

Monday evening, and a full attendance of

members is specially urged. A collation

will be served at conclusion of the cere-

mony.

—Vital statistics are always interesting

and are valuable to the one who would

mark the growth of a town or section.

Mr. Locke furnishes us the following

items in regard to Arlington:—Whole

number of births, 96,—males 52, females

44. American parentage 32, foreign 48,

mixed 16. Whole number marriages 35;

both American born 18, foreign 11, mixed

6. The oldest person married was 45,

the youngest 18; and it was the first mar-

riage of 64 persons and the second of 6.

The deaths aggregate 67, of whom 27

were males and 40 females. Of these 27

were of American parentage, 35 foreign

and 5 mixed. The average age was 37

years, 4 months, 21 days. The number

under 5 years was 20; between 5 and 10,

1; between 10 and 30, 12; 30 and 60, 14;

60 and 70, 6; over 70, 14. As usual, con-

sumption and lung diseases claimed the

larger proportion.

—The long dearth in public amuse-

ments at the centre was pleasantly

broken last Wednesday evening by the

annual party of Cotting High School

Alumni Association. A new departure

was inaugurated, the usual entertain-

ment being dispensed with and the whole

evening given up to dancing, Edmonds'

Orchestra being engaged to furnish

music. Mr. T. Ralph Parris was at the

head of the committee of arrangements

Mr. Ward Nichols is the Inspector for

the New Haven Water Company.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 1, 1882.

Messrs. LEWIS & CO.

Gentlemen.—In reply to your inquiry, will say

that my wife has for some time suffered from

debility and malaria. After using your "Red Jack-

et Bitters" she seems very much benefitted, and

OH, FOOLISH HEART:

Oh, foolish heart, why feel
In pain a pleasure,
And banish smiles to find
In tears a treasure?
Why seek the cruel thorns
Beneath the roses:
Why harbor thoughts of night
Before day dawns?
The joys of life, at best,
Are far too fleeting,
That thou shouldst haste the hour
Of grief's sad greeting,
Sufficient to the day
Is its sorrow.
For the pleasures of to-day
May pall to-morrow.

—Jerome B. Bell.

THE HAUNTED ROOM.

It would be almost impossible to discover any one more entirely devoid of superstition than myself. Nevertheless, when I was seventeen years old an event happened which caused me to believe mine a haunted life. I was staying in Paris at the house of my guardian, Sir Charles C., and dressing for my first ball—a ball at the English embassy. My dress, a triumph of Parisian taste, had been fastened, and I stood before the glass while my maid arranged the flowers in my hair. A splendid bouquet lay beside my gloves and fan upon the toilet table.

"Ah, now mademoiselle is beautiful!" exclaimed my maid Justine, in French, as she stepped back to survey her work admiringly.

I blushed with pleasure. It was the first compliment that had been paid me, and my glass told me it was true.

"I wonder who sent me these flowers?" I said, taking up the bouquet preparatory to leaving the room.

"Mademoiselle will doubtless discover her admirer among her partners to-night," was the girl's reply.

At this moment there was a knock at the door. A telegram was handed to me.

"Mrs. Northcote is dangerously ill, and wishes to see her stepdaughter before she dies."

Startled, dismayed, but beyond all measure vexed at receiving such an untimely message, I dropped the paper upon the floor. "Bring me a railway guide—quick!" I said to Justine.

Mrs. Northcote was my stepmother, but we had never met. My father had made a messianic out in India by taking a half-caste for his second wife, and when he died he left to his widow, for her life, the family estate of "Crownest," to which he had only just succeeded. I found by the railway guide that if I changed my dress with speed there was time to catch the last train that night from Paris. By noon next day I should reach Dashshire, in which county Crownest is situated.

"Justine," I cried, excitedly, "bring me my traveling dress. You must go with me to-night to England!"

"Mon dieu, mademoiselle! Would you take off that ravishing dress that suits you so much? Would you give up the ball?"

Once more I looked at my reflection in the glass. Once more I took up the railway time-table to study its contents. At 9 o'clock next morning there was another train. * * * Meditatively I raised the bouquet to my face. Who was it said: "The woman who hesitates is lost!" The sweet perfume of the flowers permeated my senses. Who had sent them? Curiosity prevailed. I would wait till the morning, go to the ball and solve the mystery. Sir Charles and Lady C. were waiting for me when I descended the stairs. I did not say anything about the telegram; we entered the carriage and were driven to the embassy.

The ball was brilliant in the extreme, and I completely intoxicated with the adulation I received. "La jolie Anglaise!" "The new debutante!" was on everybody's lips. The night was half over before I even remembered the avowed object of my deferred departure for England—namely, to discover the sender of the flowers.

"Of what were you thinking so profoundly, Miss Northcote?" asked a gentleman in a way that made me start. The speaker was Mr. Weston. He had been introduced to me a few days before at my guardian's house.

"I was thinking of the sender of this lovely bouquet, and wondering who he is. See, my name, 'Nina,' is spelt out in white violets," I answered, holding the flowers towards him.

"I hope you were thinking kindly of the donor?"

"Indeed I was."

"Thank you. Will you always so think of him—of me?"

My surprise was too great to frame an immediate reply. Beside, his manner embarrassed me. It inferred so much more than the mere words. I danced with him more frequently than with any one else, and found a new and strange attraction in his presence. On returning from the ball I told my kind host and hostess of the telegram, and of my determination to start for England on the morrow.

Lady C. looked grave when she read the message.

"You might have saved a few hours, dear," she said.

"Only a very few. And then I should have missed the most delightful experience of all my life!" I answered, fervently.

"But it was a case of life and death, my child," she added, gently. And I felt she had given me a reproof.

My trunks were soon packed by Justine, who accompanied me to England. Sir Charles C., as my legal guardian, also insisted on going with me, and late on the following night we were driving through the moonless darkness of country roads to Crownest. A stately house-keeper met us in the hall.

"Miss Northcote, you came too late," she said, and there was more austerity than sadness in her tone. "My dear mistress died three hours ago. If you had left Paris last night you would have been in time. My lady had a communication she desired to make to you."

"What was it?" I asked in much distress.

"That no one will ever know in this world," was the answer. And I felt that that moment as though Mrs. Stevens was my enemy.

Sir Charles C. remained at Crownest until after the funeral. Then, in

vain, he urged me to return to Paris. I was bent on remaining a few weeks longer in the quaint old-fashioned house, which now to all intents and purposes was mine. With the exception of one bedroom in it, a description of Crownest is not necessary to the development of my tale, but to describe that is imperative. This room had taken my fancy from the first. It was long and large and low; the walls panelled with cedar-wood. On the panels hung framed tapestry pictures, the work of past generations of Northcotes. The ceiling of cedar-wood, with curiously carved rafters, made the walls look even lower than they were. A time-mellowed-square of Indian carpet covered the centre of the cedar floor on which stood the bed—of the same wood, and richly carved—raised on a dais. There were two windows; that nearest the bed, a bay with diamond panes, the hangings, similar to those of the bed, of old-fashioned rich brocade with faded pink satin linings. On the side of the bay window nearest the bed was fixed a modern gas-bracket, which struck me as a strange anomaly and the only incongruity amid the antique surroundings. It was in this chamber my stepmother died, but utterly devoid of all superstitious weakness I decided to occupy it myself. No sooner had my kind guardian left Crownest than I told Mrs. Stevens of my intention, whereon she looked troubled, urging various reasons why I should not do so, none of which appeared to me of any weight. At last she said: "It was Mrs. Northcote's wish that that room should not be used. She died in it."

"And do you suppose I am so foolish as to be afraid to sleep there on that account?" I asked.

"It is not my province to suppose anything, Miss Northcote. My late mistress entertained the fancy, and if you had seen her before she died it is my belief she would have given you her reasons herself. As it is—"

"As it is, Mrs. Stevens," I answered, seeing that she paused irresolutely, "I am now mistress here, and have set my heart on that particular bedroom. Have it prepared, please, for I wish to occupy it at once."

"As you will," she said, indifferently. But as she turned away I caught a peculiar look on her face, which perplexed as much as it annoyed me. My belongings were promptly removed into the coveted room, my maid, Justine, occupying a small dressing-room adjoining, but to which there was no through communication. The first night of my taking possession of my new quarters was close and oppressive, and I remember waking to find the scent of the cedar-wood slightly overpowering. About midnight I rose; threading my way across the floor with difficulty, for the room was almost in total darkness. I opened the nearest window. The next night, before Justine left me, I desired her not to turn the gas quite out. Three nights later I again woke with a sense of languor and oppression. I did not want to be at the trouble of rising to open the window, but I looked up sleepily. The gas beside the window gave out a dim light; beyond it a faint moonbeam slanted across the room in which lay the shadow of a pear-tree that grew outside close to the house. I could trace the shadows of the branches and the leaves, and watched them as they flickered, stirred by the night wind. Keeping my eyes open in a half-sleepy manner, as I have said, all at once I became conscious of seeing something else beside the gaslight and the moonlight, something that seemed to be between the two. It was faint and indistinct, certainly, but none the less it bore resemblance to a female form. The head appeared resting on the hand, the hair with a ruddy gleam on it floated backward on the shoulders. The rest of the figure was lost in darkness. I was sufficiently awake to know it was no freak of fancy, and yet the figure was altogether so faintly defined and vague in detail that before long I fell asleep and next morning remembered it as a dream only.

The succeeding night, however, I again awoke and on opening my eyes beheld the self-same figure. But this time it was more clearly visible, especially the face, which, turned toward me, I saw to be that of a very beautiful woman. Moreover, to my unspeakable horror and dismay, I discovered in it a resemblance to my stepmother, whom I had seen once, and once only, as she lay dead within her coffin. The sight was the more distressing to me inasmuch as the face wore an expression of mournful sadness combined with one of reproach. Had the spirit of my father's wife returned to earth to upbraid me for not obeying the summons to her dying bed?

A strange commingled feeling of awe and incredulity possessed me. Of awe, inspired by the apparent presence of a being from another world; of incredulity, that such a visitation could be possible. In vain I closed my eyes, pressing my hands upon them to wipe out, as it were, the sight. Whenever I opened them I saw the beautiful, reproachful face, and it was not until the early summer morning dawned that it entirely disappeared, and I rose from my bed sad at heart and worn in body with the weary vigils of the night. Twice more the visitation came; after that for two or three weeks the visits ceased; then once more were resumed. Before I had been two months at Crownest all my vaunted courage fled; my entire nature underwent a change. Though I spoke of what I had seen to no one, I was, nevertheless, sensitively conscious that Mrs. Stevens remarked something amiss with me. I was even morbidly fearful that she had suspicion of the cause. I was convinced of this one morning when she said—not by any means unkindly:

"Justine tells me you have not been sleeping well, Miss Northcote. Indeed, I am concerned to see how ill you look. Do you not find the cedar chamber comfortable?"

"Perfectly comfortable, delightful! I would not change it for the world," I replied, evasively.

"Comfortable," and with that haunting presence! Heaven forgive me for the subterfuge! As to Justine, she was continually urging me to quit, what she termed, "ce vilain pays," attributing my depression to the climate, to the dull life I led, to anything rather than to the true cause. But at length her persistency, added to beseeching letters from my guardian, prevailed, and I returned to Paris.

There I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Weston. It was impossible to be

blind to his feelings, his intentions. Every word and look told me that he loved me, and the day came when he asked me to be his wife. To his evident surprise, and to my own inexpressible sorrow, I refused to marry him. Could I join my life—a haunted life—to that of the man I loved with all my soul? True, I had had no visitation from this beautiful, reproachful face since I left Crownest; but might it not return at any time, at any hour? Oh, why had my father's wife cast this blight upon my life? Why did she haunt me? Was it such a heinous crime not to have gone in time to see her die?

Suddenly I became possessed with a strange longing to revisit Crownest, to see again the weird apparition that had exercised so subtle an influence on my life. With the persistent waywardness of a spoiled child I insisted on going to Crownest. I insisted also that no one but Justine should accompany me. My indulgent guardian yielded to my wishes, and I went. But not once during my month's visit did I see the haunting face. I believed then that my persecution was ended.

On my return to Paris Mr. Weston renewed his offer and I accepted him. A few months of married happiness effectually dispersed the cloud that had overshadowed me.

My mind—warped, weakened, as it had been by giving way to morbid fancies—gained tone and vigor daily by associating with my husband's, which was eminently matter of fact and practical. It was, therefore, without the slightest foreboding of evil that we set off for Dashshire to spend the summer months at Crownest. George was much pleased with the old house; above all with the cedar chamber, which I found—without any orders to that effect—had been prepared for us. It was late at night when we arrived and there was not time to altar the arrangement; beside, there seemed no need, for I believed, as I have stated, that I had outlived my fears.

Both George and I were tired by our journey and on retiring to rest we soon fell fast asleep. Toward morning I awoke.

A stream of moonlight flooded the chamber. As of old, the shadow of the pear tree lay along the floor, flickering in the night wind. I watched it for awhile, then—this shadow being closely associated in my mind with something else—I looked toward the bay window, and could scarcely suppress a cry. There, in the old place, between the gaslight and the moonlight, appeared—the face!

"George," I whispered, trembling, "wake! I feel so frightened."

"What is it, Nina? Have you seen a ghost?" he inquired, lightly.

"Hush! Look there."

Raising himself upon his elbow he obeyed.

"Why, there is a woman in the room!" he exclaimed, in the greatest consternation. Then, after pausing a few moments, he continued slowly and deliberately, as though reading by a bad light from a book, "No! it is only an illusion—but what an illusion! I seem to see most distinctly a beautiful woman, her head turned this way, supported by her hand. Her hair, a bright auburn—hangs loose about her shoulders. It is a handsome face, but sorrowful—"

"Stay! what are you about to do?" I asked, as, rising, he made a quick movement forward.

"To dispel the illusion, darling."

So saying he shook the curtain violently.

"May all ghostly visitants be as easily dispersed!" he continued, laughing, as the figure quivered, swayed, became distorted, then, in a moment, vanished.

"I will reproduce it and you shall see."

He loosed the curtain and it fell to the ground in the old folds and creases, as it was before. There, sure enough, she was again.

"And is this what scared you on your first visit here?" he inquired, turning to me suddenly as though a new light broke on him.

"Yes. I thought it was the spirit of my stepmother. I imagined the likeness of course." Then between laughter and tears I made full confession of all my superstitious folly.

Next morning we closely interrogated Mrs. Stevens. She expressed her belief that the cedar chamber was haunted, and that the communication her mistress had desired to make to me was to that effect.

We read of strange results brought about by the juxtaposition of certain heavenly bodies. Here was an instance, unique in its way, in which a heavenly body—the moon—aided by such commonplace earthly materials as a modern gas jet and an old, faded silk curtain, produced as perfect a specimen of a beautiful female ghost as ever visited our world.—*Finley's Magazine.*

A Presidential Cabinet Album.

The bureau of printing and engraving at Washington has completed its addition to the cabinet album for the present administration. It is probably not generally known that such an album exists. It is a custom for the bureau to prepare fine steel engravings of each President and his cabinet. These engravings are in the highest style of the art, and when bound in corresponding style make a handsome and unique volume. The book thus made contains the portraits of each President and his cabinet from Washington down, also views of the White House, capitol, etc. Only a sufficient number of copies are made to present the President and members of his cabinet with one each, and retain one copy at the bureau of printing and engraving. The volume is a very interesting one, and, of course, quite rare, for although there have been twenty-one Presidents and 218 cabinet officers since the beginning of Presidents and cabinets in 1789, the number is very small in a nation of 50,000,000, and the habit of printing these books only dates back half that time.

Glass Napkins.

Napkins are now being made out of spun glass, at the price of one hundred dollars per dozen. They are of a delicate pearl color, about the size of an ordinary breakfast napkin, and almost as pliable as silk. The filling consists of minute glass threads, crossed by a silk chain; and the fringe of glass fiber is about two inches long.

Scooba, Miss., boasts of an ox with two perfectly formed tails.

CURIOUS JAPANESE FANS.

UTILIZED BY THE NATIVES AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR NEWSPAPERS.

The Pictures on these Familiar Fans Invested with Much Meaning to the Japanese—What they Signify.

Twenty years ago these fans, which now abound in every house, and which may be bought by the dozen at a nominal price, were regarded as genuine curiosities. Now, from the very reason that they are cheap and common, they are rarely examined, although their utility as a protection against fire heat, or as filling up a blank corner, and their ornamental qualities when dexterously bound in worked satin, are generally acknowledged. Yet each of these fans is in reality a curiosity, and there is far more food for study in them than in half the blue smudged china which fetches fabulous prices in the market.

The fan painters of Japan are an especial separate guild, as distinct from artists in other branches as with us the scene painter is from the portrait painter. The unknown Englishman looking at a Japanese fan sees nothing in it but upon one side a grotesque representation of the "penny plain and two-pence colored" order, and upon the other a few crude splashes of ink. But to the citizen of Tokio or Osaka each fan carries a special significance—a story, or part of a story; an illusion, a satire, or a suggestive idea. To a certain degree the fan is to the Japanese citizen what *Punch* or the window of the Stereoscopic company is to the Londoner. If a political event of some importance takes place, it is sure to be followed by a flood of new fans upon the market, and the Japanese, who have the keenest sense of humor and ridicule, find that to label, or criticize, or caricature by means of a fan, is safer and cheaper than by means of the press. When Japan was first thrown open to a certain extent to foreigners, and even for some time after, until the natives grew accustomed to their new guests, it was difficult to take up a fan without being confronted by some ludicrous caricature of Western personal appearance, manners and customs. But now that every town bred native tries to look as much as possible like an European, and that the common crowd have become familiar with cigars and breeches, the fountain head of fan ridicule is the powers that be. Fan-label is a cheaper and safer mode of procedure than pen label, because the public censors are thoroughly acquainted with the editors and proprietors of the few public journals, while the number of fan artists and merchants is legion. Not always does the reverse side—the plainer side—of the Japanese fan bear a well-known allusion. Sometimes it is a simple caricature, and an examination of one of these caricatures reveals that, however crude and sketchy the execution, the most genuine vein of humor lies beneath it, especially if it be what is deemed the forte of Japanese caricaturists—the delineation of grotesque animals. Sometimes we get a bit of landscape, the inevitable Fuji yama, or a tea house by a torrent, or a country side represented by a few apparently random dashes, of which each, however, tells its tale—or we get one of those weird moonlight effects of which the Japanese are so fond. The great characteristic of all these is truth to nature. The rabbits nibbling at a bale of rice may have clothes on, but they are rabbits for all that; foxes especially are delineated in all conceivable attitudes and costumes, but they are perfect foxes; so with wild birds, frogs, monkeys, fish, and storks.

The gaudy side of the Japanese fan is invariably a serious piece of work, and the scenes depicted are generally either bits from a popular drama or from one of those countless legends and stories which have delighted Japanese of all classes and ages from time immemorial, and in many cases bear so strong a family likeness to the stories familiar to English childhood. The popular actor in Japan shares with the popular wrestler the privilege of basking in the sunshine of the best circles of society; he has always been very much what the English popular actor promises to become, the darling of the masses and the favorite of the court. Consequently his "portrait" appears on the fans, and although to us the faces on Japanese fans appear as like one another as are the faces of Sir Peter Lely's beauties in Hampton Court Place, the Japanese citizen pretends to discover a likeness by the accessories. So there are certain plays in which these actors take chief parts, and of which Tokio audiences never weary; and, as a rule, the painted side of the fan represents a scene from one of these plays—perhaps Karukaya, the self-exiled prince, with his child clinging to him, or a scene from the famous play of the "Forty-Seven Ronins," or an incident from the touching history of Gompachi and Komurasaki, or the Prince of Sendai lamenting his lost love on the shores of Takasago bay. The legends and stories are plentifully drawn upon by the Japanese fan artists, and every child knows at once when he sees Inari, the fox god, or Hatchiman, the war god, or Ieyasu, the warrior priest, or Bente, the goddess of the sea, or any other hero or heroine of popular mythology, just as an English child knows Blue Beard or Cinderella. All classes appreciate the artistic value of the fan in Japan. The great lord at the council, the merchant over his counting board, the priest presiding at the money coffer, the tea-house girl calling out to passers by to "rest their honorable limbs," the pilgrim toiling up the holy mountain, the coolie resting on the pole—all see in it something to amuse or something to interest. As the fan accompanies the Japanese at all hours and under all circumstances, it is not surprising that it plays something more than the part of a machine for wafting cool air. To the illiterate man it is a book; to the oppressed man it is a reviver; to the political student it is a suggester; to the child it is a story teller.—*London Globe.*

The age and size of large trees is commonly overestimated. The largest known red-wood of California is 866 feet high, and all higher measurements which have been given are erroneous or guessed at. They are probably not nearly so old as usually represented. The highest trees in the world are the eucalypti of Australia. The highest known specimen is one of the species known as eucalyptus amygdalius—460 feet.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Earrings were worn by Jacob's family, 1732, B. C.

Certain Eastern nations like the smell of valerian and assafetida.

In proportion to numbers there are more persons in China, who can read and write, than among any other people on the face of the earth.

No process of machinery has ever been discovered which equals the effect produced on sealskin and ermine by tramping them under foot for twelve hours.

A giantess named Ann Dunn died in London a short time ago, aged thirty-nine. She weighed nearly 500 pounds, was nearly nine feet high, and measured round the shoulders over three feet.

A brook and a lake near Northwich, England, have been swallowed up in a cavity formed by pumping brine, and it is feared that they will melt the rock salt and cause serious subsidences of the earth in the near future.

A dog at Milford, Penn., got tired of working a churning-machine, and let the rope encircling his neck strangle him to death. When at liberty he was full of play. He had tried once before to commit suicide on the machine.

The earliest colonial coinage was in Massachusetts, in pursuance of an order of the general court, passed May 27, 1652, which established "a mint house" at Boston. The coins ordered were of the values of twelve, six and three pence.

The Brahmins invest the cow with great sanctity. No place is forbidden to it; wherever it chooses to feed it is at liberty to eat; wherever it may elect to lie down, the place is sacred to its needs. A cow may never be struck or even reproached.

Housekeeping must be a simple business in those parts of Buenos Ayres recently described by a traveler, for the staple articles of diet is meat; vegetables and fruit are only eaten during one month, and farina, the substitute for bread, is very scarce.

A clock was set going at Brussels that continued to go for nine months and had not run down when last heard from. An up draught is obtained in a shaft by exposing it to the sun. This draught turns a fan which winds up the weights of the clock until it reaches the top. It then works a brake which stops the fan until the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is free to recommence.

Sleep.

Sleep is to the brain what rest is to the muscles. Sleep is a craving more important than hunger. Among some of the ancients, deprivation of sleep was used as a punishment. This cruelty was inflicted by the Romans upon Perseus, and the Cathaginians deprived Regulus of his eyelids in order to make him so far sleepless.

There are three kinds of sleep. First, natural; second, pathological; third, artificial.

The length of time that should be devoted to natural sleep, it is not easy to determine. A maxim of the school of Salerno runs thus:

"Rise at six, and eat at ten;
Eat at six, and bed at ten;
Ten times ten years
You may live then."

A child spends more than half its life in sleep. An adult should spend one-third of his. The aged sleep but little, though in extreme old age the habit of infancy often returns.

Girls and women require more, but generally get less than men. An hour's sleep before midnight is worth more than an hour after midnight. Saint Francis, of Sales, used to say that "Early rising preserves health and holiness."

Insomnia, or sleeplessness, is common, especially among mothers with young children, and among the victims of overwork and anxiety. Students in college often complain of sleeplessness. It is a perilous thing to resort to drugs. The only real cure is found in physical labor. Fatigue from exercise in the open air is almost invariably followed by sound sleep.—*Dio Lewis's Monthly.*

Tonsorial Talk.

The New York Tribune's "Broadway Lounger" says: I was at the Astor house having my head swathed, and I saw a curious instrument before the barber, which looked to me like something between a watchman's rattle and a curry-comb. Said I, in the spirit of the Frenchman standing before an English wash-basin: "What machine is that?" "That is to cut all the hair off the head; it is a kind of lawn-mower. You just pass it around the head and all the hair comes off, in no time. It is a comb with scissors working through it. 'Do you dye any more now?' 'Not much. When I began this business twenty years ago I had to dye at least three men every day, and I give you my word that I haven't dyed a man now for two years.' 'It cost about \$2 to dye one full, did it not?' 'Why, he was lucky,' said the barber, 'if he got off with \$7. I was in a barber shop where old Tammany Hall stood, opposite the City Hall park, where we dyed hundreds of the bounty-jumpers. A fellow could go over there with red hair and beard, enlist and get his \$2,000 bounty, and come right over to our shop and have himself dyed black, hair and beard and eyebrows, too; we would charge him \$25 for it, because we knew that he couldn't kick. Thus dyed, he would go right back to the rendezvous and again enlist under another name, draw his bounty and come over, and this time we would cut all his hair and beard off and make number three of him, and I have known them to go back after that and enlist the third time. Oh, they were good days for barbers,' exclaimed my friend, 'but bad for taxpayers.'

Artificial Oysters.

Artificial oysters are the latest thing in deceptions, and numbers of "manufactured bivalves" are said to be passed off on the Paris public. Hitherto, although the oyster itself could be well imitated, it had been found impossible to make the substance adhere to the shell like nature, but an ingenious personage has invented a glue which overcomes all such difficulty. The exact composition of the imitation is not stated, but copper is a prominent ingredient.

Cornelius Nolan killed eighteen ducks at one shot near Yazoo City, Miss., recently.

SONGS OF PRAISES.

In a dried old mow, that was once, alas!
A living glory of waving grass,
A cricket made merry one winter's day,
And answered me this, in a wondrous way,
When I cried, half sharply, "Thou poor old thing!
How canst thou sit in the dark and sing,
While for all thy pleasure of youth thou starvest?"
—"I'm the voice of praise that came in with the harvest."

I went away to the silent wood,
And down in the deep brown solitude,
Where nothing blossomed, and nothing stirred,
Up rose the note of a little bird.
"Why carrollest thou in the death of the year,
Where nobody travelth by to hear?"
—"I sing to God, though there be no comer,
Praise for the past, and the promise of summer!"

I stopped by the brook that, overglasse!
With icy sheathing, seemed prisoned fast;
Yet there whispered up a continual song,
From the life underneath that urged along.
"Oh, blind little brook, that canst not know
Whither thou runn'st, why chanted'st so?"
—"I don't know what I may find or be,
But I'm praisin' for this, I am going to see!"
—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, in *Wide Awake.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Wilkie Collins' new story is called "I Say No." Somebody must have been trying to borrow a five-pound note of Wilkie.—*Courier-Journal.*

The name of a New York society belle is Winona Wheat, and the *Elevated Railway Journal* thinks it is "no wonder she became the flower of the family."

"Your father is entirely bald now, isn't he?" said an Austin man to the son of a millionaire. "Yes," replied the youth, sadly, "I'm the only heir he has left."—*Texas Siftings.*

The power of love can transport a five-pound box of caramels twenty-five blocks before marriage, but after that it breaks down under as little as a gum drop.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Doctor—"There, get that prescription filled and take a tablespoonful three times a day before meals." Pauper patient—"But, doctor, I don't get but one meal in two days."—*Texas Siftings.*

Probably the meanest thing that a man ever said was uttered by Fogg to-day. Being asked his idea of the best remedy for polygamy, he promptly replied: "Mrs. Fogg."—*Boston Transcript.*

Physicians tell us that it is unhealthy to sit with your heels higher than your head. People who have formed the habit of sitting down on the icy pavement in this position should profit by the information.—*Statesman.*

"Why don't you get up as early as you used to a few days ago?" angrily asked a wife of her lazy husband. "Because, my dear, it's sleep year," he grinned, as he turned over for another snooze.—*New York Journal.*

An agricultural paper says: "To keep flies from horses brush them lightly with a brush that has been lately used in petroleum." Bosh! You brush a fly with a shingle, or anything that comes handy, he'll go away.—*Boston Post.*

A writer says that a Burmese girl who wishes to kiss, "presses her nose up against a face and sniffs." Now, when you go to Burmah, and a girl rushes up in the street and presses her nose up against your face and sniffs, you will know how to act. But for this timely information you would, no doubt, have shouted "Police!" "Murder!" etc.—*Norristown Herald.*

Mrs. Junebug invited several of her friends to come to her house on a certain day, as she was going to celebrate her twenty-fifth birthday. At the dinner table Mrs. J. said: "This day is also the anniversary of sorrow to me—my father's death." "Indeed! And how long has your father been dead?" asked one of the guests. "Twenty-eight years replied Mrs. Junebug.—*Texas Siftings.*

GIVEN A WEIGH.

"Jump on the scales," the butcher said. "Unto a miss one day,
"I'm used to weighing, and," said he,
"I'll tell you what you weigh."

"Ah, yes," came quick the sweet reply
From lips seemed made to kiss;
"I'm sure, sir, that it would not be
First time you've weighed amiss."

The butcher blushed; he hung his head
And knew not what to say;
He merely wished to weigh the girl—
Himself was given away.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Neither Written Nor Printed.

Perhaps the most singular curiosity in this book world is a volume that belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. It is entitled, "The Passion of Christ," and is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the text is cut out of a leaf, and being interleaved with the blue paper, it is as easily read as the best print. The labor and patience bestowed in its completion must have been excessive, especially when the precision and minuteness of the letters are considered. The general execution in every respect is indeed admirable and the volume is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rudolph II., of Germany, offered for it, in

IN A BIG SERPENT'S COILS.

STRANGE STORY OF A FINE OF STATUARY.

The Sculptor's Model a Beautiful Girl in the Coils of a Boa Constrictor Ten Feet Long.

Theodore Tilton writes thus to the New York Independent regarding Robert Barrett Browning's statue of Dryope and Apollo: The history of the making of this statue—in other words how the strange work was daily carried on—is so interesting that it deserves to be told. The artist, for the execution of his design, needed, of course, two models—first a strong but lissome woman, capable of gracefully supporting the forty or fifty pounds weight of the huge creature who was to hang upon her limbs; and side; next, a gigantic but tractable boa constrictor, nearly twice the length of the girl's frame. Mr. Browning was unwilling to invent either his damsel or his python; he demanded both from nature. His Dryope he found in an Italian girl of much beauty, both of face and form, and with a skin so lovely that since he cannot portray it in sculpture he will shortly essay it on canvas. His python came to him by a happy gift of fortune. A year ago, when the statue was begun, there happened to be in Paris a woman who by vocation was a snake-charmer, and who had in her possession a genuine spotted boa from Senegal, ten feet in length. This great serpent had, by various moral and other influences, been disciplined into subordination and good behavior. Mr. Browning introduced the snake-charmer and the charmed snake into his studio, greatly to the terror of his neighbors in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs. His Italian Dryope was at first badly frightened, yet on repeatedly witnessing the other woman's power over the willing reptile, she at last permitted the symbolic Apollo to coil himself about her person. Day by day, for several days, she endured this ordeal, until what was at first an ordeal became at last an exhilaration. The artist then purchased the snake, dismissed the snake-charmer, and, having meanwhile learned the simple art of snake-charming, (which, he says, is hardly an art at all), had no difficulty in making an advantageous use of the reptile as a servicable model. In fact, the python, of his own subtle accord, when placed at the feet of the girl as she stood posed, would slowly climb up her body and conveniently stop when his head was near her lips. The pleasant warmth of her breath comforted his coldness and induced him to keep his head usually in the very position which the artist's design required. As the snake found this living atmosphere more genial and agreeable than his inanimate blanket, he would often hang motionless upon the brave girl and bask in her breath for minutes at a time, or so long as she could bear his great weight without fatigue. Meanwhile the busy artist was observing the contented serpent and faithfully recording every snake curve and fold.

The closing scene in this python's biography was an event so sudden and sorrowful that it deserves to be mournfully chronicled. When the boa was no longer needed by the sculptor as a model, the picturesque creature was still left in the studio as a distinguished guest, having a big box all to himself. One day he was mortally bruised by the accidental falling of the lid of the box upon his neck while his head was hanging over the edge. His fate was almost a death by the guillotine. He lived a few days and died. The girl had meanwhile become so attached to the snake that, when he breathed his last, she shed tears. What more could Dryope herself have done if Apollo could have known mortality?

Very Rich and Very Poor.

In one of his recent New York letters, "Joe" Howard says: Mr. Vanderbilt is a Joe of thousands—I use the term advisedly—who are rich beyond their ancestors' dreams of avarice. There are men here worth \$10,000,000 and \$20,000,000 of whom you know nothing. I know one lady, living in a magnificent house, whose life is as quiet as that of a minister's should be, who has given away not less than \$3,000,000 in five years, whose benefactions prior to her death will reach not less than \$7,000,000, who has in her home paintings, statuary, diamonds, precious stones, exquisite specimens of gold and silver, with costly works of every imaginable art, an inside estimate of which is \$1,500,000, and she is not so rich as many of her neighbors by several million dollars. There are men here who twenty years ago sold clothes on Chatham street who to-day live at an annual expense of \$100,000, who wear jewels upon their person costing in reasonable stores \$25,000.

Come with me in a Madison avenue car any day, rain or shine, between the hours of 10 o'clock in the morning and 5 or 6 o'clock in the afternoon, and I will tell you car after car packed with ladies in whose ears are diamonds worth from \$500 to \$5,000 each, on whose ungloved hands, red and duffy, sparkle fortunes. Walk with me from Stewart's old store, at the corner of Ninth street and Broadway, to Thirteenth street and Broadway any day. I do not mean Sundays, holidays, or special occasions, but all times, and I will show you on block after block women in seal skin circulars down to their heels, worth from \$500 to \$2,000 each, with diamond ear-rings and with diamond finger-rings, and other precious stones as well, carrying in their hands dainty pocketbooks stuffed with money. They represent the new rich with which New York is filling up. On that same street, at the same time, I can show you men to whom a dollar would be a fortune, whose trousers, torn and discolored in their tatters, are held about their pinched waists by rope or twine or pins, whose stockinged feet shuffle along the pavement in shoes so ragged that they dare not lift them from the pavement, whose faces are freckled, whose beard is long and straggling as their hair, while their reddening hands taper at the nails like claws.

Vienna has a society which renders assistance to boys and girls who on leaving school wish to enter any trade and who have no one else to help or advise them. The children are looked after as both regards their moral and intellectual development.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Fowls.

Chickens crowded together become hot. They catch cold. They have roup. Sick fowls communicate disease to others. A very sick fowl should at once be sacrificed, or it will sacrifice the rest. Kill it. A sick fowl is not fit to eat. Crack bones for fowls; they will strive to get the marrow, and will thus have some exercise. Give them boiled scraps of all kinds, with oats or meal in the mess. Give them mixed feed. They will turn from oats to corn and from corn to oats. Sand is not as good as dust or ashes for hen baths. Give them old plaster, cracked oyster shells which have been burned—anything with lime in it, and apart from the dust bath. Do not let them go thirsty. Put a little iron rust in their water. We have used the tincture of iron in small quantities. White-wash their houses, and when they are out sunning themselves some fine day fumigate the house with tobacco and sulphur burned on an old tin pan while the doors and windows are shut. Ventilate afterward, and before the fowls go back. Scrape the perches with an old knife or scythe, and wash them with kerosene to kill insects. Better still, have seasoned poles, backed and ready to fit into the rests for perches. Make a hole in each end for a nail to go into so as to clasp them and keep them from rolling. After barking rasp the perches, so as to give the fowls a grip. Rub these perches with kerosene oil. Change these perches occasionally during the winter. In using carbolic acid for disinfectants or insect killers do not mix it with whitewash. The fowls may peck the whitewash for the lime, to use in their systems for shells, and thus poison themselves with the carbolic acid inwardly. Give them lime in some shape, or they will eat their feathers. We have used lime in water. The lime settles and the water contains all it can hold. This lime water is the same that is used for scalds and burns. It is sometimes taken by people for bad stomachs. For your own stomach's use get it of a druggist. For your hens' stomachs and egg-shells, make it yourself. At the same time old plaster is the best egg-shell maker for hen's eating that we have used. It is easier than burnt and cracked oyster shells. Bone meal is very good. With lime, give hens meat. It pays. We give meat every other day. We buy it at the butcher's. It is better to buy meat for hens than for dogs. We feed bone meal in milk. What salt we give them is not sparingly into their cooked feed. Never feed it raw. Whatever people may say, a superabundance of salt kills; but some is needed. We have given it in thick milk. Birds that eat their own feathers require lime and a little salt in their food.—*New York Herald.*

The True Economy of Manure.

The true economy of manure demands that the farmer adapt manure to the crops. He may be acquainted with the composition of a crop, and the composition as well of the soil on which it is to be grown, and yet be ignorant of the true economy of manure. He must also be acquainted with the special character of the crop. In a word, it is not only the materials required to form a crop, but the power of the crop to assimilate these materials, which should influence the farmer in the application of fertilizers. Farmers are constantly advised to manure their land with all the constituents required by the crop—a proceeding quite unnecessary in most cases.

When land is in a fertile condition the total amount of plant food available for crops is very considerable, and luxuriant growth may be obtained by supplementing the stores of the soil with the few special elements of food which the crop is to be grown has most difficulty in obtaining. For instance, in a majority of cases a dressing of nitrate of sodium and superphosphate will insure a full crop of wheat, barley or oats, and in many cases nitrate of sodium alone will prove very effective. These cereal crops generally find the supply of nitrates in the soil insufficient for their perfect growth, and the supply of phosphates is usually more or less inadequate, but in most instances they are able to obtain a sufficient amount of potash and other essential elements of food. Thus by supplying one or two constituents of the crops the farmer may obtain a fine yield. On the same principle nitrate of sodium employed alone will, in most cases, produce a large crop of mangels; superphosphate alone, a large crop of turnips, while potassium salts alone may prove effective with pasture and clovers.

Long continued experiments at Rothamsted, England, make it appear that this special manuring for each crop is no strain on the capabilities of the soil if a rotation of crops be followed. If superphosphate is applied for the turnips, potash for the seeds and a nitrogenous manure for the cereal crops the more important elements of plant food contained in the soil will not be diminished at the end of the rotation.

In this country progressive farmers practise special manuring as a supplement to the general manuring by farm-yard manure. When farms are thus enriched scientists suggest and experiment appears to advise that farm-yard manure be applied to those crops which stand most in need of general manuring, and the artificial fertilizers to other crops demanding only one or two elements not plentiful in the soil.—*New York World.*

Regularity in Feeding.

It is a fact which does not seem to be either known or clearly understood by many of our breeders and farmers that regularity, as to the time and quantity, in feeding has much to do in determining the question of profit and loss, and that irregularity as to the time of feeding and the number of daily feeds have more to do with producing loss than a variation in the quantity of the food. Take a pen of pigs, for instance, and feed them for a week or two at, say, 8 A. M. and 6 P. M., with a noon feed at 12 M., and then feed irregularly one day three times, another day twice, occasionally only once and at irregular hours, and see how soon the pigs will show the neglect, even though the same amount of food be given each day that was formerly supplied. Animals which are fed at regular intervals, and in liberal quantity, will rest content between feeding times, but will be on hand and expectant at the feeding hour. If not fed regularly,

they are generally restless and discontented at all times, and the worry they thus take prevents the animals from gaining that weight and size which liberal feeding would otherwise produce. The discomfort produced even by persons when obliged to have their meals irregularly, even though they always have at such times plenty to eat, will give some idea what will result from irregularity in feeding fattening, growing animals.

Farm and Garden Notes.

The plum grafted on peach stocks makes a short-lived tree.

The celebrated old English beef came from the long-horned Durham.

Sour milk, whey and buttermilk are excellent liquids for mixing with the soft food of poultry.

The short horn cattle of the West are magnificent animals. They take the lead as thoroughbreds.

Large, coarse hogs are no longer favorites. Dealers prefer pork weighing from two to three hundred pounds.

One toad on a farm destroys more insects than his price in lime, worrying and paris green. One toad is almost as good as a hoe.

The Maryland Farmer says that the base of the horns and the insides of the ears of a cow being a good golden yellow she is sure to be a good butter cow.

Do not permit farm hands to smoke in the barn or to lay down a lighted pipe there. Colonel Colman says that most farm fires occur in winter. He keeps a pail of very salt water on every house door.

In selecting fruit trees see that the bark is smooth and healthy; that they have entirely shed their leaves and have plenty of small, fibrous roots. A tree with leaves remaining on it after frost sets is unhealthy.

A writer in *Gardening Illustrated* says that if young shoots of the tomato are taken off and propagated like bedding plants, they will make a less rampant growth than seedlings, and be more fruitful. Cuttings prove best for pot culture; they are then to be kept near the glass with a temperature of about fifty degrees. They will make fine plants by spring.

A farmer who last spring rolled his seed potatoes in flour of sulphur had smooth, healthy tubers, entirely free from scab or rot, while all his neighbors' crops that had not received this treatment were badly affected by both. Gypsum, which is sulphate of lime, has been tried, but has failed to save the crop, or even to improve its quality, though it generally increases the quantity.

Dr. Sturtevant's experiments indicate that there is a great difference in the results of the same treatment with different varieties of corn. This serves to explain many wide discrepancies in the conclusions of farmers with regard to this crop. Probably the methods of cultivation popular in any particular section are more nearly based on correct views of the requirements of the plant as grown there than is generally supposed.

When cabbages begin to head they present such a mass of leaves that it is very difficult to destroy the worm that infests them, at one application. At this stage, also, it is unsafe to use anything of a poisonous nature. Paris green, which is sometimes recommended for cabbages, should never be applied except when the plants are very small, so that it will certainly all be washed off the leaves before heading.

The quantity of food required to keep a hen in good working condition, is about four ounces of corn or its equivalent of other food per day. This is a quarter of a pint. Corn alone will not make eggs, but wheat will, and the hens which run around a barn and have the run of the wheat-mows are those which produce the eggs. A glass house and all the accessories of broken shells, dust baths, etc., will not help in the production of eggs. They are good in their way, but the fowls need abundant exercise and nothing more than reasonable feeding. It is better to compel the fowls to take exercise by scattering their feed and by feeding them moderately late in the morning, giving the principle meal late in the afternoon. A variety of food is good, but too much is worse than a moderate leaning in the other way. Exercise, however, is indispensable.

Household Hints and Recipes.

Two small tart apples are a toothsome addition to the stuffing of a roast duck or goose.

Steel knives which are not in general use may be kept from rusting if they are dipped in a strong solution of soda—one part water to four of soda; then wipe dry, roll in flannel, and keep in a dry place.

Flowers may be kept very fresh over night if they are excluded entirely from the air. To do this, wet them thoroughly, put in a damp box, and cover with wet raw cotton or wet newspaper, then place in a cool spot.

Nothing pays better than to take great pains in preparing dishes for the table. In making mince pies see that there is not a particle of gristle or bone left in the meat, and that no piece of apple is larger than another.

Stale buns may be made to taste as nicely as when fresh if they are dipped for a moment or so in cold water and then put in a hot oven for five or ten minutes. They will turn out as light and crisp as when first baked.

Dry Lima beans, which are now so common an article of food, do not require more than three hours' soaking; if you let them lie in the water longer than that, they seem to lose their flavor and are too mealy. They should cook slowly, and if they should simmer for an hour and a half, it would not be too long. No vegetable is more improved by careful cooking.

If a goose that is to be roasted is allowed to lie in a deep pan with cold water over it, in which a tablespoonful of soda is dissolved, all the oil can be scraped out of the skin, and the coarse flavor which is greatly objected to may be entirely removed. The goose must first be perfectly cleaned by rinsing with clear cold water.

Chocolate blanc-mange without cornstarch is made by dissolving half an ounce of gelatine in a little cold water as possible. Let one quart of milk boil, with four ounces of grated chocolate, mixed with it, for five minutes; then add

one cup of sugar; stir constantly till the sugar is dissolved; then add the gelatine. It should then boil for five or six minutes, and the greatest care must be observed to prevent its scorching. Take from the fire, flavor with vanilla, pour in molds to cool, and serve with cream.

Wealth is Yours, Young Man.

A young man was recently heard to remark, "If I only had a thousand dollars, I'd make it five thousand inside of a year." He then went on to draw a comparison between himself and another young man about his own age, who had become, through the death of his father, the possessor of a large fortune. The comparison, to be sure, was rather uncomplimentary to the fortunate young man's abilities, yet it demonstrated two things, viz.: The lack of a contented spirit, the sweetness of existence; and the conceit of one who lacks energy and vim to roll up his sleeves and do the very best he can with the means provided him by Providence. Young man, did you ever stop to consider the value of a dime? You know how much easier it is to part with a dollar given you than with a quarter you have worked hard to get. There is no real reason for a young man to complain of his lot in this world. Every wrong, every drawback, so called, is in nine cases out of ten imaginary, and when not, is the result of carelessness or lack of judgment in taking advantage of circumstances. It would be well for every young man to understand first that he has got to work for all he gets in this world. Without work he cannot succeed, while with it he stands an equal chance with the best to gain wealth and influence, which combined with health, is all that a man can wish for in this world. It is not wrong to wish for riches, but you can rest assured that you will never realize that wish unless you work hard and practice economy. You will never realize it on a salary of ten dollars a week while your expenses are fifteen or twenty. You must learn to keep what you have, and the only way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money thus obtained is pretty certain to remain with its possessor. But money inherited, or that in any way comes in without a fair and just equivalent, is almost certain to go as it came. There are, however, exceptions to the latter rule, but it holds good in a general application.

The young man who begins by saving a few dimes a month and thriftily increases his store, every cent a representative of honest work performed, stands a far better chance to spend his old age in affluence than he who, in haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculation or the devious means which abound in foggy regions which lie between fair dealing and fraud. Every young man on a salary can save something. It may not be much, but every little helps. It is like the falling of the snow flakes. Each flake is small in and of itself, and as they fall have no weight, but taken as a whole after an hour's storm they become weighty and powerful. It is not the one flake, but the combination of and the unity of many that accomplishes the result. So it is in saving. It is not the single dime or dollar that makes the wealth, but the continual adding of them into a grand unit that makes the fortune.

Young man, don't waste your time in wishing for wealth, but do the best you can to accumulate it. Then will you enjoy it. The very best thing for you to do is to do the very best you know how. It is a hard rule to follow, maybe, but it is a safe one in all things. Follow it and you will not only enjoy life as you go through the world, but your desire will be realized and the world and especially yourself will be the better for it.—*Peck's Sun.*

The Brain's Weight.

The recent discussion about the weight of Tourguenieff's brain has led to the publication of an article on the subject of the weight of brains by a Russian scientist, M. Nikiforoff, in the *Novosti*. According to him, the weight of the brain has no influence whatever on the mental faculties. The average weight of a man's brain is, according to Luschka, 1,424 grammes; of a woman's, 1,272 grammes; Krause gives the averages as 1,570 and 1,350 respectively. The maximum weight is said to be 1,600 grammes, and the minimum 800 grammes. The brain of the celebrated mineralogist Hausmann weighed 1,206 grammes.

It ought to be remembered that the significance of the weight of the brain should depend upon the proportion it bears to the dimensions of the whole body, and to the age of the individual. Byron died at the age of thirty-six, the great geometer, Gauss, at seventy-eight years of age; the brains of the two should, therefore, not be compared. It is equally important to know what was the cause of death, for long disease and old age exhaust the brain. To define the real degree of development of the brain, it is therefore necessary to have a knowledge of the condition of the whole body, and as this is usually lacking, the mere record of weights possesses little significance.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Rich and the Rich.

Miss Rothchild—expecting to be a bride in a few days—to Papa Rothchild:

"Oh, how sad! how sad!"
"What is so sad, my pet?"
"Oh, Miss Vanderbilt's situation."
"Why, what's the matter with her, my darling?"
"You know she was married last week!"

"Yes; what of it?"
"Why, her papa gave only \$5,000,000 as a dowry."

"Poor thing—that is rather small."
"Oh, she'll starve, starve, poor thing! You'll give more than that, won't you, papa, you dear old darling!"

"Certainly, my precious; but you should not feel too lofty, nor should you exult because you are better off than your neighbors, for the day may come when you may be as poor as the Vanderbilts are, so that when you give a party it will only be a mere common, beggarly, 'snorter' like one Miss Vanderbilt's papa gave the other evening. There are many strange and unexpected mutations in life, my dear, and the man who is worth his hundreds of millions to-day may be a poor, beggarly, half-millionaire to-morrow.—*The Watcher.*

FASHION NOTES.

The Medicis collar is very popular this year.

Lace pins come in a variety of beautiful designs.

Pale pink and blue repped velvets are used for dinner dresses.

The newest handkerchiefs have the merest shadow of a hem.

Some of the latest bridal dresses have a broad band of white fur bordering the train.

Gauzy stuffs, tulles, crepes, and silks, and Indian muslin, are in great demand for ball and fancy dresses.

Some curious fans are made entirely of owls' feathers, and have an owl's head with ruby eyes on the frame work.

The flowers most in favor for ball dresses are lilies of the valley, forget-me-nots, hedge roses, Alpine, heather sprays, and red or blue salvias.

Birds and butterflies of the most tropical appearance are placed flat on the corsages and drapery of many gauzy and tinsel-embroidered dresses.

Bands of black velvet are worn around the throat and wrists at afternoon "at homes." They are always ornamented with diamond or pearl pins.

Elbow sleeves have the upper part of the cloth cut away, showing the arm to the elbow, save where it is covered by the bands that fasten the sleeves across it.

The straight, high dog-collar is affected by women with long, slender throats. It is generally made of dark velvet, stiff, with gold, silver, steel or pearl embroidery.

The colors for brunettes are lovely this winter, and some of them are equally appropriate for blondes, says the Philadelphia Times. They are dark, nasturtium red, old copper color, seal and nut brown, dark claret and maroon, in the rich hues, and for evening delicate tints, ivory white, flesh pink and glycerine, a faint, pinkish mauve shade, with a new plum, a kind of greenish blue or purple and a red tinged gold color.

New York Fashions in Hosiery.

Black stockings still prevail for general use, but there is an effort to revive the fashion of having the hosiery match the dress. Solid colors, with embroidery in open designs, and in thick work, are chosen, says a fashion authority, for handsome silk stockings, fine Balbriggans, and for those of lisle thread; the embroidery begins at a point on each side and widens until it almost meets the instep, and this needle work, as well as the plainest stockings must be of the color of the stocking, not in contrast to it. For the street, black gray, navy blue, emerald green and dark cardinal—not scarlet—are the colors most used. To match suits there are golden brown stockings with tan-color, seal, brown, Judie, mouse and blue-gray. For evening toilets are flesh tints, salmon and pale coral; pearl white stockings are worn only by brides. Ribbed silk stockings cling to the leg, and are warm enough for out-of-door use in winter; raw silk stockings are also for street use, and with fleece linings are comfortable in the coldest weather. Ribbed Balbriggan hose, made of the finest sea-island cotton, are shown in all the dark colors, with white soles that have fresh and cleanly appearance; these are especially liked in black, navy blue, seal brown and cardinal.

Adulteration in Butter.

When oleomargarine was first brought into public notice there was a good deal of opposition to its introduction, as affording the ready means of deceiving buyers, no matter how much better it might be than poor butter, how entirely harmless, and how thoroughly cleanly were the methods of its manufacture. Laws were therefore passed in several of the States prohibiting its manufacture and sale, only as all the packages should be distinctly branded with the name "oleomargarine." The farmers and dairymen were most anxious for this legislation. But since these laws were passed there has sprung up a large business in what is called "butterine," which usually consists of a little good creamery butter and an admixture of oleomargarine oil and neutral lard. The latter is simply lard with all taste removed, which increases its cost only about a cent a pound; but the butterine thus made is hardly distinguishable by the best judges from a fine creamery butter, under which designation a great deal of it is now coming to market. The winter is the best season for palming off this adulteration, as it does not keep as hard as genuine butter in the warm weather.—*Scientific American.*

For Sweetheart and Swain.

Love knows hidden paths.
Love makes labor light.
Love makes time pass away, and time makes love pass away.
Love me little, love me long.
Love one that does not love you, answer one that does not call you, and you will run a fruitless race.
Love others well, but love thyself the most; give good for good, but not to thine own cost.
Love rules his kingdom without a sword.
Love subdues everything except a felon's heart.
Love, knavery and necessity make men good orators.
Love, thieves and fear make ghosts.
Love your friend with his faults.
Love your neighbor, but don't pull down his fence.
Lovers' purses are tied with cobwebs.
Lovers' quarrels are love and redoubled.
Lovers think others have no eyes.

Taming an Eagle.

"A workman," says the Spanish journal *El Dia*, "who has acquired a certain celebrity by his fortune in the hunting field, as well as for his success in training wild birds and animals, had succeeded in domesticating an eagle so far that the bird would come down from the greatest height in answer to a simple sign or a slight whistle. The eagle flew about with the pigeons, causing no little consternation among them at first. It used to fly long distances, but came back two or three times a day to take its food out of the hands of its master. After a few days, however, a flock of eagles were seen in the neighborhood, and their doleful wailing fellow disappeared with his friends, never to return."

ATTACKED BY CANNIBALS.

A GOLD-HUNTER'S EXPERIENCE IN NEW GUINEA.

Two men out of a Party of Ten Slain and Eaten Before Their Companions' Eyes.

Leroy Strickland was found sick in a New York sailors' boarding house by a *Tribune* reporter, to whom he told a story of his adventures in New Guinea, where three years ago he encountered a band of cannibals and narrowly escaped death at their hands.

"I was a painter in New South Wales, Australia," he said, "and had been doing well for some years. I had accumulated a little property and was tolerably contented with my lot. About four years ago the Temora gold fields were opened in my Province and the gold-fever swept everything. I sold out my stock, abandoned my business and, with the money I had scraped together, I went with the crowd to Temora. There a party of us staked off our claims and worked together for ten months, when the field yielded out, and we went back to Cookstown, North Queensland. Some time before we got to Cookstown the government of Queensland sent a French surveyor out to New Guinea in a small steamer in order to prospect the country previous to another attempt at annexation. He was attacked by natives, but succeeded in killing several and returned to Cookstown without injury. He gave a glowing account of the country, and said that there were gold pockets all along the coast and mines in the interior. This news was sufficient to start the spirit of adventure among my companions of Temora, and we agreed to fit out two heavy life-boats, stock them with provisions and make our way across to New Guinea to find gold. It was on November 19, 1880, that ten of us, in two boats, started from Cookstown. We rowed across to Thursday island, where we took in a quantity of provisions and had heavy wire nettings built over our boats to protect us from the weapons of the savages. It took us a day to row from the island to New Guinea, owing to head winds. We arrived at the coast near the mouth of the Fly river and rowed our boats directly into the stream. The country appeared to us to be deserted and we made several landings where we found gold in small quantities. We continued up the river until we had got, as near as we could reckon, about fifteen miles into the interior. Observing a bluff some distance from the shore, we rowed up to the beach and prepared to land, taking with us our rifles slung across our backs, and pans for washing the gold. Six men landed, four remaining to care for the boats.

"We had not been on shore for more than half an hour when a party of natives, numbering perhaps twenty-five, appeared on the bluff and began throwing their weapons at us. We unsling our rifles and drove them back. We walked about half a mile back from the shores of the river and were congratulating ourselves on the success of our venture, when we heard deafening yells and saw nearly two hundred howling savages rushing toward us at their utmost speed. It was too late to make any defence. We could do nothing but escape with our lives at best. Throwing everything of any weight we had about us to the ground, we sprang in the direction of the boats, but not before William Guiteau had been shot by a wadi-wadi. On our way to the shore George Johnson was also killed by a boomerang, and as I was crawling into one of the boats a boomerang struck me on the head and I lost consciousness. When we were once in the boats we were safe, but then we saw what a terrible fate had befallen our dead companions. As we rowed away we saw the cannibals seize the bodies and strip them. Then they carried them to the top of the bluff and built a fire, around which the flames grew fiercer they circled at a maddened pace. They howled and shrieked in exultation at their victory, and after they had exhausted themselves they squatted about the fire and threw our companions into the flames. I noticed that the human flesh burned with a blue flame and the sight was such a horrible one that I fainted. When I recovered I saw them tearing the flesh from the bones and eating it amid the most discordant sounds I ever heard, and after they had finished the fearful repast they jumped to their feet again. As we passed around a curve in the river they were still shrieking like incarnate fiends.

"Beside the men who were killed, Henry Peters and George Thomas were badly wounded with spears. When we arrived at Thursday island they were treated at a hospital. When we got back to Cookstown our story effectually prevented any like adventures. The natives are a hardy race, small in stature and hideously ugly in appearance. Their weapons are the nulla-nulla, a long spear with a heavy bowl on one end, which they use as a club; the wadi-wadi, a spear five feet long, with a noose at one end, inside of which is a spike, which they use to catch and spear their enemy; and the boomerang, which in their hands is as effective as a pistol ball. The country is fertile and full of mineral wealth; but the natives are the worst of cannibals. They have murdered missionaries and ship crews that have landed on the coast, and the only manner in which the country can be civilized is by annihilating the natives. They are not dangerous near the coast, because men-of-war shell the bush every few weeks, but the country will never cease to be unsafe until it ceases to be a bone of contention between France and New South Wales.

Dreaming in Cold Weather.

A Dr. Granville writes to the *Lancet*: "Many persons who are not by habit 'dreamers' are dreaming a great deal just now and wondering why they do so. The answer is very simple. When cold weather sets in suddenly and is much felt at night, the head, which is uncovered, has the blood supplied to it driven from the surface to the deep parts, notably the brain—the organ of the mind. The results are light sleep and dreams. The obvious remedy is to wear a night-cap or wrap the head warmly, at least while the cold weather lasts. I believe we of this generation suffer more from brain troubles than our predecessors, because we leave the head exposed at night and the blood vessels of our cerebral organs are seldom unloaded."

1000-11

Temperance Department.

THE LAGER BEER CURSE.

Dr. S. S. Thorn, a physician of more than a quarter of a century's successful practice, and an experience embracing a period of service in the army as well as some 20 years practice in Toledo, was called upon by a reporter of the Toledo Blade, who propounded to him questions in regard to lager beer, which, after being written out in the form of an interview, received the Doctor's approval. After speaking of the baleful effects upon the system he was asked:

"What adulterants are there in beer?" "Adulterants are not the important thing in my estimation—it is the beer itself; whether made of one ingredient or another is a relatively small matter."

"Why?" "To discuss that we have to go into an examination of the effects of all alcoholic stimulants upon the stomach and other viscera."

"What we want to get at more particularly is the effect of beer. Beer has been held up in later years as a great boon to the people, for it is claimed that it influences them mentally, morally and physically for the better. Now what is its effect upon the mental man?"

"It stupefies and retards his intellect."

"How?" "Because it is a narcotic, and cumulative in its effects."

"What do you mean by cumulative?"

"The disposition of an agent to pile up on itself in the system—to gather strength from repetition of the dose. For instance, mercurials are cumulative. They gather in the system. A dose of 1-16th or 1-32d of a grain would have no appreciable effect upon the system. But a number of these small doses administered consecutively would soon produce salivation and other destructive results. So beer accumulates and gathers certain pernicious agencies in the system, until they become very destructive."

"Can a man do as much and as good mental work who drinks beer as he could without its use?"

"No, sir."

"Why?" "It obtunds and stupefies him, and consequently interferes with his intellect."

"What is the direct effect of beer used in any quantity?"

"It piles up the blood, and surcharges it with elements that should be eliminated. To illustrate: Every man who drinks beer in any quantity soon begins to load himself with soft, unhealthy fat. This is bad, because it is the result of interference with the natural elimination of deleterious substances."

"What is the effect of beer upon the kidneys?"

"It congests them and interferes with their natural functions of sewers to the body. It stops their carrying off destructive and unnecessary substances. It also enlarges them. They and other organs become clogged up. The kidneys are over-worked, and dropsy ensues, as one of the natural consequences."

"Then comes—?"

"Death, of course. No man, no matter what his constitution, can go long with his system full of the morbid and dead matter which the kidneys and liver are intended to work off. If you could drop into a little circle of doctors when they are having a quiet, professional chat over matters and people in the range of their experience, you will hear enough in a few minutes to terrify you as to the work of beer. One will say, 'What's become of So-and-so? I haven't seen him around lately.' 'O, he's dead.' 'Dead? What was the matter?' 'Beer.' Another will say 'I've just come from Blank's. I'm afraid it's about my last call on him, poor fellow.' 'What's the trouble?' 'O, he's been a regular beer-drinker for years.' A third will remark how—has just gone out like a candle in a draft of wind. Beer, is the reason given. And so on, until the half-dozen physicians have mentioned perhaps 50 recent cases where apparently strong, hearty men, at a time of life when they should be in their prime, have suddenly dropt into the grave. To say that they are habitual beer drinkers is a sufficient explanation to any physician. He never asks anything further as to causes."

"You spoke of the liver being affected with the kidneys. What is the influence of beer-drinking upon it?"

"The first effect is to congest and enlarge it. Then follows a low grade of inflammation and subsequent contraction of the capsules, with the effect of producing what is known in the profession as 'hob-nail liver,' or 'drunkard's liver.' The surface of the organ becomes covered with little lumps that look like nail-heads on the soles of an Irishman's shoes. This condition develops dropy."

"What is this heaviness and torpidity that affects most beer-drinkers, making them go to sleep sitting in a chair, sometimes even when they are talking, or at work?"

"That is due to the congestion of the

liver, which clogs up all the springs of the body, and makes all sort of mental and physical exertion as difficult and labored as it would be to run a clock the wheels of which were covered with dirt and gum."

"Is there a remedy for this phase?" "Yes, either stop drinking, or take calomel. Calomel lashes the liver into spasmodic action, but the dose has to be constantly repeated, with more calomel every time, and shorter intervals between taking it. Most beer-drinkers find it next to impossible to get up in the morning, and to do anything requiring effort."

"The next question, Doctor, is one you have already partially answered. What is its effect upon longevity?"

"The life insurance companies can answer you that better than anyone else. They make a business of estimating men's lives, and can only make money by making correct estimates of whatever influences life. Here is the table that they use in calculating how long a normal, healthy man will probably live after a given age:

Age.	Expectation.
20 years.	41.5 years.
30 "	34.4 "
40 "	28.3 "
50 "	20.2 "
60 "	13.5 "
65 "	11. "

"Now they expect that a man otherwise healthy, who is addicted to beer-drinking, will have his life shortened from 40 to 60 per cent. For instance, if he is 20 years old and does not drink beer he may reasonably expect to reach the age of 61. If he is a beer-drinker he will probably not live to be over 35, and so on. If he is 30 years old when he begins to drink beer he will probably drop off somewhere between 40 and 45 instead of living to 64 as he should. There is no sentiment, prejudice or assertion, about these figures. They are simply cold-blooded business facts, derived from experience, and the companies invest their money upon them, just the same as a man pays so many dollars for so many feet of ground or bushels of wheat."

"What other diseases than those you have mentioned are the result of beer-drinking?"

"Rheumatism, affections of the kidneys, liver and stomach, and congestion and softening of the brain."

"Rheumatism, did you say?"

"Yes; all beer-drinkers have rheumatism, more or less, and no beer-drinker can recover from rheumatism, as long as he drinks beer. You will notice how a beer drinker walks about stiff on his heels, without any of the natural elasticity and spring from the toes and the ball of the foot that a healthy man should have. That is because the beer has the effect of increasing the lithia deposits—'chalk-stones,' they are sometimes called,—about the smaller joints, which causes articular rheumatism."

"Now there's just one more thing. What as to beer-drinking and surgical operations?"

"Beer-drinkers are absolutely the most dangerous class of subjects that a surgeon can operate upon. Every surgeon dreads to have any thing to do with them. They do not recover from the simplest hurts without a great deal of trouble and danger. Insignificant scratches and cuts are liable to develop a long train of dangerous troubles. The choking up of the sewers and absorbents of the body brings about blood-poisoning and malignant running sores, and sometimes delirium tremens result from a small hurt. It is very dangerous for a beer-drinker to cut his finger. No wound ever heals by 'first intention,' as it does upon a healthy man, but takes a course of suppuration sometimes with very offensive discharges, and all sorts of complications are liable. All surgeons hesitate to perform operations on a beer-drinker, that they would undertake with the greatest confidence on any one else."

"That certainly does not make a very alluring picture of the concomitants of beer-drinking, to display before the devotees of the 'amber nectar.'"

"Well, whether it is alluring or not, it is terribly true. What I have told you is the frozen truth—cold, calm, scientific facts, such as the profession everywhere recognizes as absolute truths. I do not regard beer-drinking as safe for any one. It is a dangerous, aggressive evil, that no one can tamper with with any safety to himself. There is only one safe course, and that is to let it alone entirely."

St. Nicholas for February is a bright, crisp, and cheerful midwinter number, and the seasonable frontispiece—an original wood engraving by Elbridge Kingsley—is called "A Midwinter Night." Accompanying the frontispiece is a paper entitled "An Engraver on Wheels," which gives a pleasant and instructive account of wood engraving in general, and particularly of Mr. Kingsley's peculiar methods of work, and of his peripatetic studio, a veritable house on wheels, in which he lives, eats, sleeps, and drives about from place to place, for months together, transferring to the block and engraving whatever strikes his fancy. Numerous other illustrated articles crowd its pages, and the whole is a valuable addition to the wealth of good reading which has preceded this number.

"That is due to the congestion of the

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N. B.—Finding that closing at 7 o'clock does not accommodate a number of our customers, on Monday, November 2nd, 1892, we shall keep open evenings until 9 o'clock.



Has Relieved and cured Sufferers of Rheumatism by the Thousands.

REV. WM. T. WORTH

Recommends VEGETINE for Rheumatism and Sciatica.

FALL RIVER, Mass., May 13 1879.

MR. H. R. STEVENS—

Dear Sir: For some years I have been, at times, much troubled with acute attacks of rheumatism. I especially suffered from Sciatica. By the advice of friends who knew the benefits conferred by Vegetine, I began its use, and since that time I have had no attack like those I previously suffered. For some time past I have had no return of the trouble, except occasionally a faint twinge, which disappeared upon taking a few doses of the Vegetine. I also take pleasure in recording my testimony in favor of its excellent effect in abating an inveterate ailment, and I count it no small pleasure to have been thus made free.

Respectfully, WM. T. WORTH, Pastor First M. E. Church.

Neuralgia, Kidney Complaints, and Rheumatism Yield to Vegetine.

BOWERY BEACH, Me., Nov 5, 1879.

MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: For 20 years my wife was a great sufferer from Neuralgia, and with it that time, had a great many kinds of medicine, but received no benefit until she took the Vegetine, and since taking it, has received so much benefit, she takes great pleasure in recommending it to all suffering from Neuralgia or Kidney complaint.

For many years I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism, and have never found anything that gave me the relief that Vegetine has. Therefore, I take pleasure in recommending it to any one suffering from Rheumatism, as being one of the best blood purifiers now in use.

REV. A. C. COK, Member of the Maine Conference of the M. E. Church.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

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THE CENTURY.

PROGRAMME, 1893-'94.

The programme for the fourteenth year of this magazine, and the third under the new name, is if anything, more interesting and popular than ever. With every season, THE CENTURY shows a decided gain in circulation. The new volume begins with November, and, when possible, subscriptions should begin with that issue. The following are some of the features of the coming year:

A NEW NOVEL BY GEORGE W. CARLE, author of "Old Creole Days," etc., entitled "Dr. Sevier," a story of New Orleans life, the time being the eve of the late Civil War.

LIFE IN THE THIRTEEN COLONIES, by Edward Eggleston, author of "The Century," a series of papers connected with the early history of this country.

THREE STORIES BY HENRY JAMES, of varying lengths, to appear through the year.

THE NEW ASTROLOGY, untechnical articles, by Prof. S. B. Langley, describing the most interesting of recent discoveries in the sun and stars.

A NOVELLETTE BY R. H. ROYSEN, author of "Gun-nar," etc. A vivid and sparkling story.

THE NEW ERA IN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE, a series of papers descriptive of the best work of American architects in Public Buildings, City and Country Houses, etc. To be published in the first number.

A NOVELLETTE BY ROBERT DRAY, author of "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc., entitled "An Average Man," a story of New York.

THE DEAD WINNERS, one of the most remarkable novels of the day, to be completed in January.

CHRISTIANITY AND WEALTH, with other essays, by the author of "The Christian League of Connecticut," etc., on the application of Christian morals to the present phases of modern life.

COASTING ABOUT THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, a series of entertaining articles, profusely illustrated.

SCENES FROM THE NOVELISTS, Hawthorne, George Eliot, and Cable, with authentic drawings.

ON THE TRACK OF ULYSSES, the record of a yacht cruise in the Mediterranean, identifying the route of Ulysses on his return from the Trojan war.

GAULFIELD IN ENGLAND extracts from his private journal kept during a trip to Europe in 1867.

THE SILVERADO SQUATTER, by Robert Louis Stevenson, author of New Arabian Nights.

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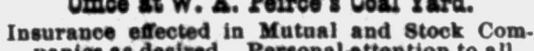
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THE WAY OF IT.
The wind is awake, little leaves, little leaves,
Heed not what he says—he deceives, he de-
ceives:
Over and over
To the lowly clover
He has whispered the same love and pledged him-
self true
As he'll soon be lying and pledging to you.
The boy is abroad, dainty maid, dainty maid,
Beware his soft words—I'm afraid, I'm afraid:
He's said them before
Times many a score,
Ay, he died for a dozen ere his beard pricked
through
As he'll soon be dying, my pretty, for you.
The way of the boy is the way of the wind.
As light as the leaves is dainty maid-kind:
One to deceive
And one to believe—
That is the way of it, year to year;
But I knew you will learn it too late, my
dear.
—John Vance Cheney, in the Century.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.
I had found my hat and was seeking an opportunity of making my escape unobserved, when my friend Willard Fleming caught sight of me.
"Don't go yet, Arthur," he said; "I want you to do me a favor. You saw me with a lady dressed in blue?"
I assented. "A beautiful girl, with dark hair and eyes?"
"The same," he responded. "Her name is Lydia Moreton; beautiful, as you say, and what is no less interesting, heiress to half a million. I want you to be introduced to her and form a general idea of her. It is a very important matter."
I started.
"What part am I to play in this mysterious drama?" I asked, in surprise; "surely you do not propose to adjust your inclination for the lady by what I may think of her after a few moments of acquaintance?"
"I will explain afterward," he replied; "come and see her first."
Very much mystified, I followed him into the conservatory, where I was formally introduced to Miss Moreton. On taking my place beside her, I saw that Fleming had left us to ourselves. I confess I was not displeased, for I found her very charming. We were on good terms immediately, and I was half inclined to be angry with Willard when he returned and took me away from her.
"I envy you," I said. "She is exquisite."
"I am glad you approve," he replied, "but it is by no means settled yet, and that is why I want your help."
"I wish you would not talk in riddles, Willard," I exclaimed. "Tell me what you mean."
"Just this," he said, taking my arm confidentially. "I think I have produced an impression, but as she is going abroad to-morrow, for a year, I shall have no opportunity of following it up. I have gained her permission to correspond with her, and you are going to write my letters for me."
"If I replied," "You seriously expect me to correspond with her in your name?"
"Just so," he said. "It is the brightest idea that ever entered my head, too. Now, I write an amiable letter, and in spite of the understanding between us, might do myself more harm than good. You have an especial talent that way. Everybody admires your letters, for you can produce any impression you choose. You have a general notion of her character: that was why I introduced you. If you will undertake the campaign, adding a little more warmth and that sort of thing in each successive letter, we shall capture her before the year is out."
"It strikes me the course you propose is not strictly delicate or honorable," I replied, indignantly. "What will she think of us when she discovers the truth?"
"Oh, never mind that," he returned, carelessly. "After I have made her Mrs. Fleming I will undertake to pacify her."
I was on the point of refusing positively when Miss Moreton, on her way to her carriage, met us in the hall. She smiled and gave me her hand. What was there in her look, her voice, the touch of her small, gloved palm, that stirred me so? What was the wave of regret that swelled up in my heart as I saw her turn once more at the door and smile back her farewell? I stood in a profound reverie until Fleming plucked me by the arm and said, impatiently:
"Well, what is your decision? Will you write to her?"
In an instant the thought entered my brain that, though she could never be anything more than a pleasant vision to me, I might at least retain the bitter happiness of holding intercourse with her for a time, even if under another man's name. The temptation was irresistible, and I yielded.
"Yes," I replied, "I will write your letters."
"The thing is done, then," he said, rubbing his hands gleefully. "I shall owe you the handsomest wife in America, and a half million besides."
I turned away with a throb of indignant envy, and left him exulting over his anticipated success. That night I wrote my first letter to her and signed it Willard Fleming. I put all my strength into it, shadowing out the conflicting emotions which filled me. I felt that it could not fail to have its effect, for I was writing for myself—as I should have written in my own name. I mailed it two days later, knowing it would reach her shortly after her arrival.
I waited impatiently for her reply. Willard had arranged to have her letters sent to me. After I had read them I was to turn them over to him, together with a draft of my answers.
Three weeks later I found an envelope, postmarked France, and addressed in a delicate feminine hand, lying upon my desk. I tore it open with trembling fingers. It was from Lydia Moreton. In every line of it I detected the effect of the letter I had written her. It was more than kind; it was just upon that neutral ground which lies between friendship and something more tender. I read and re-read it. I carried it about with me for several days before I could bring myself to give it to Willard. It seemed as if it had been meant for me. What chance was it whose name was at the top of it? My words, my feelings, my

hopes, had drawn it forth. It had been written to me; but alas! I had no right to it.
"Bravo!" cried Willard, in delight, as he read it. "If any one ever asks me for a private secretary, I shall recommend you above all others. Why, she is half in love with me already."
In love with him! True, it was Willard Fleming that she had thought of when writing. Me she had long, since forgotten, and I had done my best to destroy my last hope, if I had ever been so foolish as to cherish any.
I went home half resolved to take no further part in the conspiracy, and to let Willard manage his courtship as best he might. But I had not the courage to relinquish the bitter-sweet of my fictitious intercourse with her. Powerfully affected by her at our first and only meeting, her letter had completed the mischief. I was in love with her, and I might as well have been in love with the moon.
I wrote again, recklessly, almost passionately. Under Willard's name I reflected all the feelings which her letter had aroused in me. I made no attempt to disguise my love, but I expressed no hope. It was a sad luxury to imagine her flushing cheeks and brightening eyes as she read my fervid lines.
The letter that came in reply was an additional torture to me. It was very apparent that, far from offending her, my unguarded language had won me a warmer place in her heart. There was a sweet, half confession of tenderness in every word, such as would have been my cue for an open declaration had I been dealing with her honestly.
A paragraph in her letter warned me of the dangerous ground Willard and I were treading upon in our deception. It ran:
"I cannot understand, dear friend, my own feelings when I read your letters. When I met you in New York I thought you one of the common-place young men one meets in society, and one I could never have felt any deep interest in, as I knew you then. It seems now as if another person were speaking to me—a man with a warm heart, deep feelings and noble impulses. I cannot reconcile myself that the Willard Fleming I once knew is the Willard Fleming I am now writing to. How have I deceived myself so?"
"Sharp girl," commented Fleming, when he read this passage. "Won't she stare when she knows I never wrote her a line."
The idea of cheating her became every hour more repugnant to me. If I could have understood the whole unhappy business what would I not have given! How she would despise us both when she came to know the truth!
This strange correspondence continued throughout the winter. I could not break the fatal chain I had bound around myself. Every word from her was as precious as life. I could not voluntarily exile myself from her in hatred and contempt. No, the end would come soon enough in the inevitable course of events. The end was nearer than I knew.
There came a letter from her—shall I ever forget it?—which, in its tender outpouring of love, left me no alternative but to make a full declaration and ask her hand—in the name of Willard Fleming. As I finished it I felt a sense of sorrowful relief. The die was cast.
Two weeks later I received her acceptance. She was Willard Fleming's betrothed wife. She had resolved to cut her European tour short by several months and return to America. She confessed she could not be happy now unless near me—alas, not me—but the man who had never offered her one tender word, nor felt one thrill of regard for her, Willard Fleming.
Willard was in high spirits at the prospect of the successful termination of his extraordinary courtship.
"I'm much obliged to you, old fellow," he said, patronizingly. "You have done splendidly. Why, bless my heart, I don't wonder she came to terms. Some of your letters read as if you were furiously in love with her yourself."
I averted my head and made no reply.
"Matters are in excellent shape," he continued. "There will be no more necessity of letters, and so if we keep our secret she will never know anything about it. If she discovers it, as I suppose she must after our marriage, she can't help herself."
While he was talking in this way, my heart sank within me with a torturing doubt which now occurred to me for the first time. In my selfish love I had forgotten that I was deliberately putting her in the power of a man with whom she had no sympathy, and whom she did not love. Had I not conspired to bring about the lifelong misery of the woman I loved?
It was several days after her arrival before I saw her. Then I was surprised at her appearance. It was not that of a happy betrothed bride. Her face looked worn and pale, and her manner was anxious and sad. I saw, too, that when Willard came near her she involuntarily shrank from him, and looked at him with an expression of doubt and wonder. It was but too plain that she had an intuition of the deception put upon her. She did not love him, and she could not understand her own feelings. My heart ached for her; I longed to tell the truth; but how could I? However, it proved to be my destiny to up-deceive her in the most unexpected manner. Shortly before their marriage there came a rumor that the trustee of her property had defrauded her; risked all in speculation and lost all. The rumor was very soon confirmed by Willard himself.
He came into my room, looking gloomy and irritable. He flung himself into a chair with an oath.
"Here's a pretty fix," he growled. "Lydia's money is all gone."
"Well," said I, coldly, "the loss of her money has not lessened her value in your eyes, I hope?"
"Hasn't it?" he replied. "I am not the man to marry a woman for sentiment. Do you suppose I would have gone to all that trouble unless I had counted upon her fortune?"
Angry and disgusted as I was with him, I felt a great wave of joy sweep over me.
"You got me into this scrape," he said, brutally, "with your letters. I count on you to extricate me."
"Very well," I returned, quietly; "how do you expect me to affect this laudable purpose?"
"Go and tell her I never wrote those letters, and that I never made any engagement with her."
"I will do it," said I, "not for your sake, but to save her from the miseries of sin. Thank God that you have be-

trayed your true character before it is too late. Now leave this house. I never want to look upon your face again."
Considerably abashed he obeyed without a word, and I prepared to execute my mission with a lighter heart than I had known for many a day.
I sent up my card, and she entered the room with a quick step and an anxious face.
"You come from Willard Fleming," she said, hurriedly; "he has heard of my misfortune. Tell me, oh, tell me, he has asked to be relieved."
"He has," I replied; "he deserts you in your trouble."
"Thank heaven!" she cried, sitting down and covering her face with her handkerchief. After a moment she became calmer, and looking at me with a smile, continued:
"I find it hard to understand my own mind. When I met Willard Fleming in New York, I was not impressed favorably with him. But with his first letter I changed my opinion. As our correspondence continued I learned to love him for his letters. They were those of a noble, true-hearted man. Yet when I came back I was cruelly disappointed. The man I had loved, the man who wrote those letters had ceased to be. Willard Fleming impressed me, as at first, as a cold, trifling, selfish man. I did not love him; I grew to abhor him. I would sooner have died than marry him, yet I had no excuse. He has given me one, but the mystery remains. Has a man two souls, or who was it that wrote me those letters?"
"The man stands before you," I replied, in a broken voice; "I wrote those letters."
Then I confessed the whole miserable deception, without sparing my own weakness and folly.
"If love be any excuse," I concluded, "it is all I have to offer. I could not bear never to hear from you again. I believed that you were favorably inclined to Willard, and I was weak enough to seize the opportunity of pouring out the sorrow and passion that filled my heart under his name. It may be you cannot pardon me, but I am grateful that my deception did not bind you fatally to a man you dislike and I despise."
I watched the varying emotions cross her face as I spoke, and with a thrill of joy saw that her look became more gentle, her manner more tender.
"I said," she replied, after a while, "that I loved the writer of those letters. I did and do. It has been my chiefest sorrow to believe my ideal did not exist. It does," she added, extending her hands to me with a charming smile; "why should I deny it?"
Thus the love, which had run its course through mystery and mistake, found its fruition at last. They say a poet's soul is mirrored in his works; love, the supreme poetry of life, converts our slightest acts into the language whereby hearts speak to heart.
Paying the Traitor.
Men use treachery and despise the traitor. Their moral sense revolts against the means which their craving for success persuades them to use. The fact shows that faith in the moralist's maxim, "Nothing is expedient which is dishonorable," is not strong enough to remove this moral contradiction. And so the world, which makes success a duty, will continue to pay and despise the traitor.
The late Count de Chambord's birth occurred after the assassination of his father, the Duke de Berri, in 1820. His mother, a woman of great courage and force of character—she offered to lead the royal troops against the revolutionists of 1830—plotted to seat him on the French throne, as the only legitimate Bourbon.
In 1832 she landed near Marseilles and appealed to the French legitimists to rise against Louis Philippe. The appeal fell upon deaf ears, and the duchess was obliged to hide herself. One of her suite, named Deutz, agreed to sell to the government, for fifty thousand francs, the secret of her hiding-place. The betrayed duchess was arrested and imprisoned.
To M. Didier, the secretary of the minister of the interior, was assigned the disagreeable duty of paying the traitor. At the appointed hour, Didier called his son into the office, and said:
"Look well now at what passes, and never forget it. You will learn what a scoundrel is, and the method of paying him."
The secretary spoke to a messenger, and Deutz, the traitor, was brought in. M. Didier stood behind his desk, on which were placed two packages, each containing twenty-five thousand francs. As Deutz approached the desk, the secretary made a sign to him to stop. Then, with a pair of tongs, he picked up the packages, and dropping them into the open hands of the traitor, pointed to the door.—Youths' Companion.
The Buying Mania.
"Shopping," said an experienced New York floor-walker, "is to a considerable extent a habit, and I know many instances in which it has grown into a passion. The remark is often made that women come into these large general stores and compel our saleswomen to show them whole lines of goods through pure wantonness. I do not think that such is the case. The purchasers are seized with the buying mania, that is all, and if they happen to be out of ready money they feel obliged to make believe buy. I know those customers tolerably well, and can pick them right out if I can only get a sight of them in the doorway. They will enter sort of cast down, but brighten right up as soon as they get their eyes on the goods. The sight seems to act on them somewhat as a cocktail operates on a man; it's a regular morning stimulus. Women haven't the head to stand against a genuine mark-down, and if they can't buy themselves they are bound to see other people buy."
Shocking.
"Isn't it shocking?" she said to George.
"Isn't what shocking, dear?" asked George, tenderly.
"Oh, I just think it is the most shocking thing I ever heard of."
"What is it? Pray tell me what it is that is so shocking," cried George, wild with curiosity.
"Electricity, love."

DRIVING AWAY THE BLUES.

A BATCH OF STORIES THAT WILL RAISE A LAUGH.

Too Thin for Sustenance.—Brother Gardner's Philosophy.—The Cowboy's Order.—Peck's Bad Boy.
TOO THIN FOR SUSTENANCE.
At one of the hotels in San Francisco the other day a drummer ordered a roast-beef of the waiter. Pretty soon that functionary brought on a piece about the width of his finger. The drummer continued conversing with his friend apparently unconscious that the order had been served. Soon he called the waiter again and asked why his order had not been attended to.
"Here's your roast-beef, sah," said the waiter. "I served it some time ago."
"Oh! Indeed? Why, so you did. I thought all the time it was a crack in the plate."—New York Journal.
BROTHER GARDNER'S PHILOSOPHY.
After the stove-pipe had been knocked down by the efforts of Givadam Jones to rest both his feet on the hearth at once, and Judge Cadaver, Pickles Smith and Blossom Johnson had heroically restored it to place, Brother Gardner arose and said:
"One great cause of human misery am de fact dat mankind expects too much of Providence. Take de case of Elder Toots, fur instance. Fur de las' sixty y'ars he has been waitin' fur Providence to stop de leaks in his cabin roof an' he am waitin' yit. Hesomehow expects dat Providence am going to furnish him pie, an' cake, an' oyster soup, an' when he sots down to cold 'taters an' tuff meat he feels as if he had been wronged."
"Take de case of Bradawl Jalap. He has alius had de idea dat he would some day be rich, an' as a consequence he sots on de fence an' plans new houses, an' drives fast hosses, an' w'ars good clothes, while his wife goes ragged, and his children have cold toes. What he might s'rn by honest labor he won't aim, because he hopes to git a fortune widout work."
"I tell yon, my frens, de man who waits fur to-morrow to sharpen his ax am sartin to do poo' choppin'. De man who sots on de fence to wait fur a legacy will 'lar his wife scrapin' de bottom ob de flour bar'l ebery day in de week. De man wot lets himself beliebe dat de world owes him a libin' am guine to eat some poo' fodder afore he dies. De world doan owe nobody nuffin. We am put heah to sot an' starve or git up'n dust. Providence won't pay house rent, buy our 'taters or keep de cook-stove hot. Let us now purcede to bizness."

THE COWBOY'S ORDER.

A typical cowboy, fresh from his herd, went in Elitch's chop house last night. The tables were all filled with the exception of one, at which the terror of the plains seated himself. As he pulled off his hat and untied the red bandanna handkerchief from around his throat, he looked disdainfully around.
The nimble waiter brushed an imaginary bread crumb from the cloth, whisked a bill of fare from the castor, and placed it before the festive and untamed youth.
"Take it away," he snarled. "I can't eat that. I want rattlesnake on toast!"
"Rattlesnake on toast!" yelled the waiter.
"Rattlesnake on toast!" responded the cook.
There was a slight flutter among the guests at this strange order, and the cowboy was scanned by many curious eyes.
He looked a little disconcerted at having his order so promptly taken, and glanced furtively toward the front of the house. He saw the cooks and waiters engaged in filling orders, and looking as solemn as graveyards after midnight.
He assumed a nonchalant air and picked his teeth with his fork.
A cook deftly removed the skin from a pickerel, and, cutting a strip the proper shape, placed it in a spider.
The waiter who had taken the order came tripping back to the bold buccaneer of the pampas.
"Will you have your snake well done or rare?"
"Rare, with oodles of milk gravy on it."
"Gimme that snake rare—milk gravy on the side," was hallooed to the cook.
"Snake rare, milk gravy—side," cook shouted back.
"Say!" said the bovine steerer, as the waiter passed him. "I'll take it well done."
"Make it well done."
"Make it well done," was answered back.
The lariat wrestler began to grow nervous. The devil-may-care expression had left his eyes, and a soft, subdued, melancholy shade had taken its place. He fidgeted in his chair, and seemed to be nerving himself for an ordeal.
"Here you are, sir," said the culinary Ganyemed, placing a dish in which was something nicely coiled, which looked like a fried specimen of the genus cotula.
"Have a little Worcester sauce? Gives a very fine flavor. Some folks like mushrooms with their snakes, others prefer Chili colorow. A little salad dressing don't go bad. There's vinegar and olive oil in the caster. Will you have tea or coffee? Very fine snake; caught yesterday. Fat and tender."
When the waiter was delivering himself of this eulogy on the meal, the steer puncher shoved his chair back. His eyes bulged out, and he became pale around the gills.
"I don't think I'll eat anything. I ain't hungry," he said, as he rose to his feet and reached for his hat.
"Maybe you'd prefer briled moccasin," insinuatingly suggested the waiter.
"No," he replied, as the athen pallor deepened on his face. "I ain't a bit hungry." He cast another glance at the dish he had ordered, and made a break for the door. He forgot to pay at the counter.—Cheyenne Sun.
THE BAD BOY.
"Tell me about your pa. I haven't heard anything from him for a long time," said the groceryman as he handed the boy a cracker, and set down on a half bushel measure by the stove.
"Well, you see, last night we got to talking about haunted houses, and pa said there was no such thing as a haunted house. He said whenever any unusual noise was heard in a house, instead of investigating it, people got scared and went around talking about the house being haunted, and before long everybody believed it, the reputation of the house was ruined, and everybody was nervous. Pa said that haunted houses was on a par with spiritualism, and people of sense never took any stock in either. He said if I ever heard of a haunted house, to let him know and he would go through it and investigate it in the dark. I thought to myself, 'boss, you can't fool Henney,' and I laid for pa. That evening my chum's cat came over to visit our cat, and when it was time to go to bed the two cats were sleeping by the stove, and pa told me I better put the cats out doors and go to bed. So I took the cats up carefully and raised up the cover to the piano, and laid the cats down in the back side of the instrument, among the strings, and petted them, and they went to sleep, and I shut down the cover, and we all went to bed. Pa and ma sleep right over the parlor, and I sleep at the back of the house. Along about 2 o'clock in the morning, about the time cats usually get woke up and begin to prow around, there was a faint scratching of toe-nails on the strings, and a yowl, that sounded as though it came from the sewer. It was evidently music, such as you get at boarding-houses where a boarder practices on the piano for her board. I listened, and pretty soon there was two 'meows' and a 'spit,' and the strings acted as though they were being walked on the way a cat does when she puts her paws up in your lap and lets her toe nails go through your pants. I got up and went to pa's room, and ma was setting up in bed with her nightcap off, her hair standing right up straight, and she was trying to get pa to raise up and listen, but it wasn't pa's night to listen, and he put his head under the bed clothes and tried to snore, but I knew pa was scared. I told pa that I wasn't afraid, but I wished he would let me sleep on the lounge in his room, and pa raised up and wanted to know what the row was, and just then the cats in the piano seemed to have come together for their regular evening fight, and of all the music you ever heard, that beat everything. Pa listened and said that it was somebody next door trying to play opera, but ma said something was in the house, and I told pa the house was haunted, and for him to get up and investigate. Pa was kind of 'shamed to be afraid, so he got up, and all was still, and he got his pants on and went out in the hall, and just then the cats got to fighting another round, and pa rushed into the bath-room and closed the door, and yelled for me to open the window and holler for the police. I got up and asked pa, through the door, if he was afraid, but he thought, seeing he was in the bath-room he would take a bath, and I told him if he was afraid I would go down and investigate, because there was no haunted house that had any terror for Henney, and I went down and let the cats out, and they got on the back fence and had a real sociable time, and after it was all still pa came out with a towel in his hand and tried to make us believe he had taken a bath at two o'clock in the morning with cold water. I don't think it is right for a father to try to deceive his little boy that way. Pa must have washed himself real hard, for he was pale as a ghost when he came out of the bath-room, but he was paler still in the morning when he found the piano full of cat hair. He thinks the air from the register blew into the piano."—Peck's Sun.

A Well-Known Type of Man.

In Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "Princess Ida," one of the characters—King Gama—introduces himself in a song which capitalizes a character found in every community. We give the song:
If you give me your attention I will tell you what I am:
I'm a genuine philanthropist—all other kinds are sham.
Each little fault of temper and each social defect
In my erring fellow creatures I endeavor to correct.
To all their little weaknesses I open people's eyes.
And little plans to snub the self-sufficient I devise:
I love my fellow creatures, I do all the good I can,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!
To complaints inflated I've a withering reply,
And vanity I always do my best to mortify;
A charitable action I can skillfully dissect,
And interested motives I'm delighted to detect;
I know everybody's income and what everybody earns,
And I carefully compare it with the income tax returns;
But to benefit humanity, however much I plan,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!
Irresolution.
Irresolution is a fatal habit; it is not vicious in itself, but it leads to vice, creeping upon its victims with a fatal facility, the penalty of which many a fine heart has paid at the scaffold. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicure, and the drunkard are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter its effect appears in the most hideous form. He knows that the goblet he is about to drain is poison, yet he swallows it. He knows—for the example of thousands has pointed it in glaring colors—that it will deaden all his faculties, take the strength from his heart, oppress him with disease, and hurry his progress to a dishonored grave, yet he drains it. How beautiful, on the contrary, is the power of resolution, enabling the one who possesses it to pass through perils and dangers, trials and temptations! Avoid the contraction of the habit of irresolution. Strive against it to the end.
"What's the News."
In the Cook county (Illinois) normal school at Englewood, near Chicago, we learn from a Chicago paper, "In the morning, when school opens, the principal informally inquires the news of the day, and they tell him the social, political, commercial news they have found in the morning papers, which is briefly commented upon, after which they go cheerily to their work." This system appears to be well calculated to train pupils to answer the common question, "What's the news?" It will also train pupils to take and read the papers, and to be intelligent about what is going on in the world daily. This sort of intelligence is undoubtedly very useful, and will have a broad bearing upon success in life.—Detroit Post.

HEALTH HINTS.

One pint of sweet milk and a handful of pokeweed root is said to be a sure cure for erysipelas.—Health and Home.
Take the blossoms of red clover and make a tea of them, and drink freely. It will cure cancer in the stomach, as well as on the surface.—Health and Home.
Methyl salicylate (oil of wintergreen) mixed with an equal quantity of olive oil or linimentum saponis, applied externally to inflamed joints affected by acute rheumatism affords instant relief, and, having a pleasant odor, its use is very agreeable.—Therapeutic Review.
More quarrels arise between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between clerks in stores, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes through their systems by lodging together night after night under the same bed clothes than by any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force as to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorbent will go to sleep and rest all night, while the eliminative will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding and discouraged. No two persons; no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive, the other will lose. This is the law.—Lancet.
Enlargement of the heart is a common abnormal condition. Obstructions in the course of the circulation—notably the kidneys—are at times instrumental in the causation of this trouble. The throbbing of a large heart is sometimes quite annoying by its violence. If along with a large heart there be weak bloodvessels, it is plain that a break is quite possible. This will be followed by results of greater or less gravity, according to the location of the broken artery. A proportion of the sudden deaths said to be due to heart disease are in all probability due to the breaking of an artery in the brain. Dyspeptic persons often imagine that they have heart disease, and it is quite true that palpitation—irregular action—of the heart is a very usual coincidence of indigestion. An impoverished condition of the blood renders the occurrence of palpitation of the heart very much more likely.
Lords Who Like Our Land.
The largest owner of land bought in recent years in this country is Sir Edward James Reed, M. P. for Cardiff, Wales. He has purchased in the last ten years 2,000,000 acres of well-selected cattle-grazing land in Montana and Dakota. Sir Edward Reed is a practical man and the founder of his own fortune, which he got out of the iron and coal mines of his native Wales and the tin mines of Cornwall. His investments in this country directed many others to our public domain who had great confidence in his sagacity. Next in consequence is the purchase last year of 1,300,000 acres, consisting mostly of pine land in the State of Mississippi, though included in this holding are 400,000 acres of the finest agricultural land on the continent, lying on the Yazoo River bottoms. This magnificent property belongs to the firm of Philips, Marshall & Co., wealthy corn factors of Mark Lane, London, who are also the largest dealers in American wheat and other grains in England.
Next in consequence comes the Grant estate, which includes an entire county in Kansas, and has within its bounds 350,000 acres. This probably is the most desirable landed estate held by a single owner in America, as the land is rich, well watered, and settled mostly by emigration farmers from England and Scotland. Alexander Grant, the owner, has laid off all his land into farms, built about 400 good farm-houses, each with the necessary out-buildings, and is conducting the estate just as though it was north of the Cheviots instead of America.
The Duke of Portland owns about 500,000 acres, part of which is on the North Platte, in Nebraska, and part in Colorado. Not much of it is yet in cultivation. Lord Stafford owns 100,000 acres on the line of the Northern Pacific railroad and he is gradually colonizing it and getting it into field cultivation.
Lord Dunraven is the pioneer of the English nobility in American land-owning. He bought the well-known property in Colorado called by him Dunraven Park in 1868, and at government prices. Dunraven Park contains about 100,000 acres. The first purchase was 60,000, and subsequently 40,000 acres more were added. It is one of the best cattle ranches in America, being a lovely valley, full of pure streams fed by mountain springs, rich in the best cattle growing grass known, and the whole property is fenced in by mountain ranges. It is now easily worth \$1,000,000, but Lord Dunraven refuses to sell it at any price. Lord Dunraven owns 10,000 acres not far from Dunraven, and very much the same character of land, which is rapidly improving. The Duke of Beaufort is one of the four owners of a tract of 400,000 acres recently bought by English gentlemen in the Pan-Handle of Texas, and Sir John Rae-Reed is another of them, the others of interest being two rich bankers' sons. There are many other Englishmen who have from 1,000 to 2,000 acres in Colorado, Texas, Dakota and New Mexico.
Curious Calculations.
JOHN SWINTON in his Paper has been making some curious calculations:
Vanderbilt's capital of gold is greater than all the gold there was in the world conquering Rome in the reign of Augustus Caesar.
200,000,000 dollars in gold! or
850 tons of gold! or
700,000 pounds of gold!
11,800,000 ounces (avoirdupois) of gold!
How many freight cars would be required to carry this gold? Ten, you'll say at a jump. No—thirty-five!
Turn the gold into golden "eagles," ten-dollar coins, lay them in a circle, edges touching, what would be the circumference of that circle? It would be a ring over three hundred miles in circumference.
Mr. Simsondoff always trembles when his wife sings in church, with prayerful earnestness: "Oh for a thousand tongues!"—McFreyer News.

